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BY **WILL E. FISHER**
AUCTIONEER

At Auction

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1901
COMMENCING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

I will offer for sale by order of MR. LOUIS MARKS, on the premises corner of King and Artesian streets, on the McCully tract, and about one block beyond the Waikiki turn, on King street, and almost opposite the residence of John Cummins, Esq., an elegant assortment of

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Glass and chinaware, crockery.
Brick-a-brac, etc., etc.
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MOLAH YARN ONCE MORE

Horace Holden as First Yankee Here.

TELLS OF HAIR RAISING DEEDS

The Missionaries Were Here Ten Years Before Latest Ananias.

A WILD and woolly story of the experiences of a shipwrecked sailor in the Sandwich Islands appears in the New York Herald of March 10. Horace Holden is the hero of the tale, in which he is described as the first American who lived in the Islands. The hair-raising narrative is from the pen of H. G. Tingley of Salem, Oregon. The story runs as follows:

Horace Holden, of this city, is probably the very first American who lived in the Sandwich Islands. Many people put him first among all the white men who lived on the Hawaiian group. Captain Cook antedated Mr. Holden forty years, but Captain Cook never spent more than a few weeks on either of his two visits in the archipelago. The story of the life that Mr. Holden led among his dusky captives, the manner of his appearance among the Hawaiians, and his final escape from them are as interesting as a chapter from "Robinson Crusoe," or "Swiss Family Robinson."

Horace Holden is white haired and feeble. He has lived quietly in Salem for thirty years, and is known by thousands of people here. Very few people who have met this aged, quiet, modest man daily for years on the streets here have any idea of what extraordinary experiences have been his, and no story writer has yet known what a volume of thrilling tales might be formed from the adventures Mr. Holden has had. Mr. Holden was born in a little village in New Hampshire in June, 1810. He was a sailor by instinct, and from his earliest boyhood his dreams and aspirations were all of the sea and life in strange lands across the broad ocean. In 1828, when he was eight, he went on his first long voyage. With the famous old whaler, the Stanch Mentor, he sailed out of the great port of Bedford, Mass., one October day. The crew were all experienced whalers and had been with the Mentor almost from pole to pole in pursuit of whale oil and whalebone. Now they were embarked for a two years' voyage around the Horn and up the Pacific coast. Young Holden eagerly accepted the chance to sail on the Mentor, and to see new parts of the world. That was ten years before Richard Henry Dana sailed from New Bedford and made the voyage so famous in his "Two Years Before the Mast."

The whaling ship rounded the Horn in January, 1829, and proceeded up the coast toward the whaling fields in the North Pacific. The voyage proceeded without incident until one densely dark night, May 21, 1829, when the Mentor, in a heavy storm, was tossed upon a ledge of rocks. Later it was found that the rocks were immense coral reefs. The ship was wrecked and everything on board was lost, and all the crew but two were washed away and drowned in the roaring, surging sea. In some unaccountable way young Holden and a fellow sailor were carried to a coral reef projecting above the water. When daylight came the famished, drenched and terrified men saw that they were within sight of land. All that day they clung to the coral. At sunset a dozen long, canoe-like boats, paddled by naked, yelling savages, came out to Holden and his companion. The coffee-colored men had seen the wreck and had come out to look it over more closely.

The two sailors were taken to one of the islands of the Hawaiian group. The particular island Mr. Holden believes was Hawaii, from the descriptions he has since read of that island. Thousands of nude natives were on the shore when the two white men landed there from a canoe. Great excitement was created among the natives, and as news that there were two real live white men on the island was carried to the tribes inland. For days Mr. Holden and his companion were regarded with intense timidity and curiosity. The Hawaiians came and lived near the strange men with white skins so as to satisfy their curiosity concerning the habits and mode of life among the wonderful strangers. Great throngs of native men and women, almost as nude as the day they were born, would feel the flesh of the white captives, pinch the white skin, and twirl the fine hair in their fingers to see whether it was all natural. Children in droves viewed Holden and his companion from safe distances, and ran screaming when their mothers if the white men moved toward them. The greater part of the islanders gazed with superstitious wonder at young Holden and his companion, and in order to make the captives like themselves they tore the clothing from the young men and left them to run naked as themselves. The young Americans never went otherwise during their long stay on the Hawaiian island.

When the curiosity wore away and the superstitious wonder of the natives had turned to contempt because the white men were not so agile at tree climbing and aquatic feats as themselves, the natives began a series of horrible abuses upon the poor prisoners, who were terrified lest any act of theirs or some untoward circumstance might anger the dusky savages to murder and cannibalism.

For weeks and months Holden and his companion never slept at the same time. The natives were so watchful of the savages. One always feigned sleep, but kept awake, fearing that some horrible fate was in store for

both of them. The Hawaiians, however, probably never thought of making food of the white men, but rather to make them providers of food. All manner of tricks to worry and torment the castaways were practised. Stones and missiles would be thrown at the two men when the latter would run and dodge and scramble out of range as best they could, the Hawaiians would roll and scream with laughter. Holden and his companion, nude as they always were, would be tied to trees where mosquitoes and gnats were numerous, and the kanaka women and children would sit for hours revelling in the scene of two white men jabbering in a tongue unknown to them, and squirming and wriggling at the stings of a cloud of insects. It took weeks before Holden could eat the food of the natives, but rather than starve he became an adept at eating raw mullet right from the water, and of rolling live squid flesh under his tongue. His companion, however, sickened and wasted away under the treatment he had at the hands of the natives, and one day he was found dead on the seashore, where he had crawled to take a long farewell look across the waters to where he imagined was his home.

Along with about one hundred and fifty other slaves—black skinned men, who had been taken in recent warfare on some adjacent island—Holden was set to work in a taro field, owned by a chief, whom the white young man had been taught was his master. The heat under the fierce tropic sun in the interior of the island almost roasted Holden. In vain he motioned to the dusky boss who sat in the shade near at hand and watched the slaves work, that he was suffering under the intense heat, but the Hawaiian only grinned derisively and ordered the white man back to his task. In two days Holden's body was scorched and burned to such a degree that it does not seem as if one could have been so sunburned and outlived it. He was carried unconscious to a spring and thrown in the shade of palms. There the cool breezes of evening restored consciousness, he awoke to the pain of a consuming fire. He never believed he could recover from the agony of the raging, burning cuticle all over his body. His master, the chief, came and looked at him and ordered several women to attend to the suffering man, but they were so curious to observe the agony of sunburn on a white man's skin that they were only a source of annoyance and petty torture, rather than an aid to the sufferer.

In a week young Holden's pain was past, and a new and delicately tender cuticle began to form. The black natives came in swarms to see him and observe what to them was an extraordinary thing—the formation of a new white skin. One morning, when Holden was lying on his face and stomach, weak and discouraged, a party of jabbering kanakas sat about, curiously observing the only white man they had ever seen. Suddenly one of the kanakas sneaked over to the outstretched, drowsy Holden, and with his long, hawklike fingernails, sharp as razors, on both hands, scraped away at one sweep down the body of the white man. The eight bleeding stripes of raw, quivering flesh that the kanaka's fingernails left. The kanakas roared and shouted with the humor of the thing, and for months afterward Holden would see them imitating his agony at that time, while knots of spectators laughed and laughed. Even little boys used to imitate Holden's dreadful pain at the time his tender cuticle was torn away in strips by the kanaka.

When the young castaway had recovered from his sunburn and lacerated wounds and a new skin had been formed he was kept busy while off duty from work dodging stones and clubs that were thrown at him to create fun for the dusky populace. He was ever watchful lest unawares he might be treated to other ordeals with the fingernails. Occasionally he was lacerated by a kanaka clutching at his inviting bare back, but when the savage joke grew ancient and he showed that he was not to be trifled with, he resigned, and that he could eat raw fish and rotting vegetables the same as his swarthy captors he was treated more considerably.

When young Holden had been upon the Hawaiian island for a period that seemed to him to be about ten months, for he had no means of gauging the flight of time, the three chiefs that seemed to have most to do with him ordered that he should be tattooed, in order to be more like themselves, and so that he could never get away from the tribe. Holden did not know what was to be done when he was stretched out on the grass by a dozen powerful kanakas and tied down to posts and trees so that he could not move a muscle. In vain he tried to tell as best he could in the new tongue that he would serve his master always and would never murmur if he might be spared the new ordeal of wholesale tattooing. All his body, except the face, hands and feet, were subjected to tattooing. An indelible fluid, obtained from a tropical plant like indigo, was used. Dozens of tattooing implements, all having sets of minute thorns and prickers in different forms, were used. There were millions of pricks into the flesh. One hideous design alone on Holden's shoulder required seven days of physical anguish and tens of thousands of flesh punctures. Every day for seven months the tattooing of the white man proceeded. The population saw some part of the tattooing, and hundreds of men and women spent days in watching with grins and laughter the writhing and flinching of Holden under the operation of the tattooers. The flesh at times became swollen, livid and angry under the pricking of the poisonous fluid into it hour after hour. Crude designs of birds were tattooed on the man's chest. Trees and lilies were tattooed on the arms and thighs. When at length the agony and torture of the tattooing was finished Holden would not have been recognized by his own mother. He had long hair, a prodigious growth of whiskers, his face and hands were browned from the hot sunshine, and he was a mass of tattooed designs from neck to feet. Later, when he had learned the language of his captors, he found that his was the most elaborate case of tattooing on the island for a generation, and that he was then immune from petty cruelties by the kanakas about him.

When two years passed and Holden saw there was no possible return to civilization he became more reconciled to his life amid the kanakas. He became popular with the natives, and he was no longer subjected to hard work. He was counselled by the chief of the island, and was looked up to by the men generally. He saw four sails of distant ships from the island in two years, and when each sail faded from

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view across the tossing blue of the Pacific he resolved to abandon all hope of ever living a life other than that among the island natives. He learned to fish and swim as the natives. He became so wonderfully adept at aquatic feats as any of the uncommon swimmers on the island. He constantly declined marriage with the kanaka girls, and he was kept busy manufacturing excuses for preferring to remain single where the boys and girls of seventeen who were unmarried were curiosities. Once he lay ill for weeks with a dreadful fever. He was very near to death. The natives, who then valued his services, wanted to keep him alive, and they ministered to him in their crude way and practised superstitious arts to drive the evil spirit out of him. But he recovered by some miracle.

One day in the spring several natives ran shouting to the chief that a white man's proa was out at sea off the west coast. The whole settlement was wild. Holden was terribly moved, as may well be imagined, at the sight of a ship and sail so near the coast line, but he dared not show his emotions to his watchful and suspicious captors, who had many a time said they never meant to lose him from among them. Going down to the beach Holden saw several proa canoes filling with kanakas. Holden, feigning indifference, got into one in which the chief was. Every one was so excited at the wonderful visiting ship that no attention was paid to Holden's suppressed eagerness and emotion.

The proas were paddled out two miles toward the ship. Then none of the savages dared to go within a mile of the craft. Several proas started back to the shore, because the kanakas in them were afraid of capture by the white men. Holden vainly begged and entreated the men in the proa with high to go nearer the ship. It was all he could do to keep them from starting for the shore. Finally he waved his hands, hallooed and whistled with his fingers, to draw attention from the ship. Twice the kanakas in the boats were ready to paddle back to the island and let the ship go, but Holden begged them to wait and get gifts from the rich white men on the ship.

At last, after he had exhausted his lung power, he saw a yawl let down from the ship's davits. The boat came cautiously within a quarter of a mile from the proa. Holden saw that the sailors had no idea that they were looking at a white man, for his hair and whiskers were then like Samson's, and his color like that of his kanaka associates. As the yawl drew nearer Holden was able to call in English to them, and, he says, he almost swooned with delight to hear his own tongue spoken in reply. None of the kanakas, who sat open-mouthed and wondering near him in the proa, understood a word of English.

"Come nearer, I am a poor castaway sailor, and I want you to save me from these savages," he shouted, when he knew he could be heard.

"We don't want to be speared by those devils in the canoe with you," one of the sailors returned.

Holden urged the sailors to come a little nearer and make a sudden dem-

onstration against the savages, while he could escape to the sailors' boat, but the sailors did not want to risk their lives against the poisoned spears, besides all sailors knew the frightful fate that befell Captain James Cook and his crew on the shore of the Sandwich Islands.

The ship signalled the yawl to return. Holden saw the signal. His heart beat fast and his brain whirled. He realized it was then or never. He was doomed to life-time barbarism and slavery on a lonely island if he let another minute go unimproved. The kanakas were restless and had laid down their spears and taken up their paddles to go back to shore.

"God's sake save me, save me!" he cried to the sailors.

"Swim to us and we will," one of them replied.

"But look at their spears," called Holden.

"Dive and swim under water out of spear range," came the reply. It was an awfully desperate moment. Holden looked eagerly across the water. It was a full five hundred yards to the rowers. He glanced about him at the seven kanakas in the proa. Each of them was intently watching the strange white man in the rowboat. He took in the situation at a glance. If he could swim under water until out of range of the spears he was safe, but that was an extraordinary task. Besides, the naked fellows in the proa were ready to dive in after him, and they were as fine swimmers as he.

The decision was made quick as a flash.

"Hold up, I'll risk it anyhow," he called to the sailors. He threw his head back and quickly drawing air deep into his chest, he inhaled for the mightiest effort to save his life. A kanaka saw Holden's movements and knew what they meant if the English words had fallen on deaf ears. The kanaka shouted and rose to grasp Holden. He was a hair's breadth too late. Holden had his foot upon the gunwale of the proa, and in a twinkling he had plunged beneath the surface of the water. Several kanakas wildly hurled their willowy spears after him, but they were too excited. Several others began paddling after him, but a gun fired at them from the rowboat of the sailors terrified the savages so that they dared not go nearer.

Meanwhile Holden was still under water. The sailors got up and scanned the water for his earliest appearance above the surface. The kanakas in the proa stood gazing about, with spears poised in their powerful right hands, ready to transfix the swimmer the instant his head became visible. Still the white man was under water. The sailors were sure he had gone down to a grave in the ocean. They had seen wonderful feats of submarine swimming, but never anything like this. They did not know the supremacy of this mighty physical effort of the stranger who had called to them. They did not realize that this was a performance that meant life or death, escape or lifelong captivity among savages, a restoration to home, mother and all that is dear and blessed in life, or servitude in its vilest form. It was a time when all the physical force that

young Holden could summon in his behalf must do its greatest work. So on and on he swam beneath the water. At last, when he could not hold his breath another second, even if he escaped by doing so, and when his brain seemed on fire from the long imprisonment under water, he came to the surface of the ocean. It was a marvellous feat. He was out of range of the greatest spearsman in the Sandwich Islands. For a few minutes he paddled slowly until he could breathe. Then he yelled to the sailors in the rowboat. They pulled toward him and he was hauled, exhausted and almost fainting, into the boat. The kanakas in the proa, seeing this, paddled swiftly back to the shore.

Half dead with excitement at his deliverance and exhaustion from his supreme effort in diving, young Holden was, carried on board the ship, which proved to be the Britannia, in the English merchant service. Holden was shorn of his locks and whiskers, and became the pet of the fore-castle. His stories of his adventures on the strange island in the Sandwich group always had an audience. It was on October 20, 1834, then he was taken aboard the Britannia. It was the first calendar day or month he had known in his five and a half years among the kanakas. He went to Lintin, China, on the Britannia. There he shipped for Cadiz, Spain, and from there to New York. He reached New Bedford early in the summer of 1835.

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